



Different by [ajson123456](#)

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Summary: 16 year-olds Lucas Sinclair and Max Mayfield suffer both physical and emotional abuse at the hands of bullies and racists alike. The young couple battle through it all by seeking comfort in their friends and, most importantly, each other. Rated M for strong language (including racial slurs) and smut.

1. She's a Little Runaway

This story is a little different to anything I've done before in that the focus isn't actually on the smut this time. Hard to believe, I know. There *will* be smut, but only in select chapters. Be warned, there will be some period-typical racial slurs used throughout.

This was co-written with **JakeyFryMason011** - please check out his fantastic stories over on AO3!

Ooh, she's a little runaway

Daddy's girl learned fast all those things he couldn't say

Except Neil did say those things.

All of them.

Every single disgusting thing he could have said oozed from his mouth in a foul slime that left a noxious smell about him.

Max knew something was wrong when she walked in the front door of her house and found both parents looking at her severely.

"Hey," she said in greeting, skirting around them into the kitchen for a glass of water.

"Who was that?" Susan asked her.

"Who was who?"

"That-that boy."

"Which one?" The Party (plus Steve) had dropped her off that day.

Susan opened her mouth, but Neil beat her to it. "The little negro boy."

Oh. Lucas.

Part of her charged at them, throwing the stupid glass vases at them and watching them bleed, but Max kept her cool.

"Lucas," Max said with a nonchalant shrug, leaning against the wall and sipping her water.

"And who is...*Lucas*...to you?"

"My boyfriend."

Neil and Susan just stared at her.

"Repeat that," Neil said slowly.

"Lucas is my boyfriend," Max said, rinsing out her glass and putting in the sink. Outwardly, she was calm, collected, even bored, but inwardly her emotions pooled together and mixed into a sludge of fear and anger.

"And why, may I ask, are you dating that little jungle monkey?"

"He's not from the jungle, he was born in Indianapolis," Max shot back.

"Answer the question, Maxine!"

"Because I like him, and he likes me!" Max said, her voice rising.

"Don't shout at your father," Susan interjected.

"Don't call my boyfriend a jungle monkey."

"I'll call that little black bastard whatever I damn well want to!" Neil seethed. "I don't want you hanging around him anymore, you understand?"

Max felt angry tears rising now. Oh, now they were going to stop her from seeing Lucas. All because of their own stupid prejudices? "You can't make me!"

"I am your *father*-"

"You are not my dad! My real dad is in California and wouldn't care

as long as whoever I want to date is actually nice!"

Their voices were rising now, hysterical, so much that loud music started from Billy's room.

"I'm not going to be known around town for having a stepdaughter who's a nigger lover!"

It suddenly got very, very quiet.

Even Neil seemed to realize what he'd said, because he turned away from them and rubbed his brow.

Max reached out and, for the first time in her life, pushed her way violently through her "parents." Her vision seemed to be tinted red.

In ten minutes, she had crammed clothes into her bag and was making her way to the door.

"Where do you think you're going?" Neil demanded.

"Out," Max said.

"Maxine, I just want you to be safe-"

"It's Max!" she screamed at him, and slammed the door. Something inside fell and broke, and she allowed herself to smirk in victory before taking off down the street.

At some point it became apparent that her feet were taking her to Lucas.

"Dinner, you two!" Angela called up the stairs. The loud arguing stopped suddenly as Lucas and Erica thundered down the stairs.

"Were you two arguing again?" the mother asked, carrying a bowl.

"No," they said with identical innocent faces.

The front door opened and their father walked in, putting his coat over the couch.

"Arnell, what have I told you about hanging up your coat?" Angela asked, stabbing at the air in his direction with a fork.

"I'm getting to it, I'm getting to it, woman," Arnell sighed, hanging it up on the hook. "Happy?"

Angela just rolled her eyes (a habit her son had inherited) and sat down. "Dinner's on the table," she said.

For a while, they were all silent, eating and definitely not kicking each other under the table (...*Erica*...).

"So, Lucas," Arnell said, wiping his mouth. "How was your day?"

"I finally managed to beat Max's score on Dig Dug," Lucas said with a satisfied smile.

"Bet she wasn't happy about that."

"Not at first. Then she just told me that she would beat me next time."

"Then she kissed his cheek," Erica piped up.

Lucas glared at her and she flinched. "Mom, Lucas kicked me!"

"Oh, she kissed your cheek," Arnell said with feigned casualness.

"Shut up," Lucas said, turning as red as the sauce on his plate.

"If she says no, it means no."

"Dad! It's not like that yet."

"Well, still. And be sure to use protection."

"Dad!"

"Now, that's enough," Angela said, slapping her husband lightly on the shoulder as she went to get a glass of water.

"Fine, fine," the father grumbled, biting into a piece of bread.

"They went out on a date last week," Erica said.

Lucas shot her a look.

"Oh, you did?" Angela asked. "Where to?"

Lucas sighed. "We just went to the pizza place and walked around a little bit."

"Did you kiss?"

"Mom!"

"*Now, that's enough,*" Arnell mimicked in a high-pitched voice.

"Shut it, or no dessert for you," his wife said.

The doorbell rang.

"Who could that be?" Arnell asked, getting up.

Max was greeted by a man with greying hair, who blinked at her in surprise. "Oh! Maxine, hello!"

"Hi, Mr Sinclair. Um, is Lucas home?"

Lucas was at the door in a blink. "Max! Hi!"

Max smirked, despite her feelings of misery. "Um, you free?"

"Oh, hello, Maxine!" Angela said cheerily. "What a surprise to see you here. Have you had dinner?"

Max suddenly realized she was starving.

Mrs Sinclair got out an extra plate, loading it up, and placed it in front of the girl. "Here, honey."

"Thanks," Max muttered, sitting down.

Despite still feeling sick to her stomach over Neil's...*remarks*...Max ate. Slowly, but she finished the entire plate.

"Everything all right, Max?" Lucas asked.

"Fine," Max said, not meeting his eyes.

"Max."

"Look, I'll...I'll tell you after, okay?"

"Oh my god, you're breaking up with me, aren't you?"

Max glanced up and caught the teasing glint in his eye. "Ugh, shut up," she said, but she cracked a smirk anyway.

But Lucas noticed that her face dropped when he laughed and turned away.

"All right," he said once they were in his room with the door safely shut. "What's the matter?"

Max just looked at him for a moment, and then suddenly started to cry.

"Hey, hey, what's the matter?" Lucas asked, putting his arm on her shoulders.

"I'm sorry," Max sniffled, accepting the tissue. "I'm just being stupid."

"If it's bothering you, it's not stupid," he said.

"It's Neil," Max said, leaning against her boyfriend.

His grip on her arm tightened somewhat. But "What did he do?" was all he asked in almost a forcibly calm voice.

Max was quiet.

"Max, you can tell me."

"He said some...things."

"What sort of things?"

She didn't answer, just burrowed her face into his chest. "Awful things. H-he called you a..."

"What did he call me?" Lucas asked.

"A...nigger," Max whispered, the word scraping the inside of her mouth and leaving jagged scratches.

Lucas nodded and hugged her silently. In his head, he kept imagining showing up to Neil's house with Steve's bat and hammering the entire family to death.

"Sorry," she said into his shirt.

"Hey, you've got nothing to be sorry for," Lucas soothed, awkwardly messing with her hair. "It's not your fault."

"I yelled at him."

"Good work."

"I broke a vase too."

"Let's hope he trips on the glass and one of the pieces goes in his eye."

"Let's," Max said with a watery laugh. "Thanks, Stalker."

"No problem, Mad Max," Lucas said, kissing her head.

He lay back on the bed and she lay on top of him, almost nuzzling herself into his shirt. Lucas's arms came up around her back, and she sighed and hugged him right back.

Since he probably wouldn't, Max decided she would, so she lifted her head and kissed him.

She felt a lot better.

"Love you, Stalker," she said quietly.

"Love you too, Mad Max."

The door slammed open before either of them could react, and Erica stormed in. "Mom wants to know if you want dessert-ew!"

"Erica!" Lucas shouted, tossing a tissue box at her. "Get out of my

room!"

"You guys are gonna get some sort of weird disease!" Erica said, and practically ran out of the room.

"We should probably go down."

"For dessert?"

"Yeah."

Max grinned, the old, fiery girl mostly back. "I was thinking we could have our own dessert."

He blinked at her, and she said "Just the two of us. Alone."

The implication kicked in and he blushed. "After?"

"After," she said, and followed him downstairs.

So this will basically just be a story following Lucas and Max as they help each other through the abuse they face from people like Neil. There will be lots of fluff and some smut, too.

As I mentioned before, please go check out Jake's stories on AO3. They're all amazing!

Thanks for reading!

2. Dessert

WARNING: This chapter contains smut.

Max couldn't help but grin at the scene that was unfolding in front of her.

"What the hell, Erica? I was using that!" Lucas chided as he lunged for the bottle of maple syrup that had been snatched from his hands moments before.

"Hey! Get off me, nerd! Mom!" the younger girl screeched, her face contorting into a bratty frown when Lucas easily overpowered her and yanked the bottle right back. He deliberately passed it to Max next, smirking at his victory.

Max's smile remained on her lips as she drizzled the syrup onto the slice of toffee apple crumble she had been presented with.

Lucas' warm embrace had been enough to kill off the sludge that had formed in the wake of her stepfather's vile tirade.

Of course it had.

The entire world could fall apart around them and Lucas would still be there, telling her everything would be okay.

But Max knew it was only a matter of time before it would rise again, especially considering she couldn't stay with the Sinclairs forever.

Or could she? They had taken her in for the night without so much as a question. The concept of living there for an extended period of time (at least until Neil had fucked off out of her life) wasn't *entirely* impossible.

"So, Max, how did the test go last week?" Angela asked their redheaded house guest as she took her seat at the table.

"Oh, it was fine," Max told the older woman casually as her hand found Lucas' thigh. She could see him looking at her in confusion and

returned fire by suggestively raising her eyebrows at him. "Lucas said it was hard, but he always finishes before me anyway," she said, her hand edging closer and closer towards her destination.

Lucas shot her a pained look as he felt his jeans begin to tighten at the contact.

"That's what she said," Erica coughed.

"Erica!"

"Well, she did, Mom!"

If Mrs. Sinclair knew what was going on under the table, "that's what she said" would be the least of her problems.

Max and Erica exchanged suppressed smirks. 'Girl catches on quick,' Max thought. 'This should be fun.'

Lucas let out a quiet sigh of relief when his girlfriend's hand left his crotch. He damn near choked on his food when it returned a few seconds later, this time sliding slowly down into his underwear.

"Something wrong with the food, honey?" Angela asked her son.

"I'm fine," Lucas said in a strained voice.

"He probably just had something in his throat," Max said. "Happens to me all the time."

Arnell was engrossed in his newspaper and Angela was busy checking to make sure her son wasn't about to choke to death, meaning the older couple missed their daughter's stifled snicker. Max turned and locked eyes with Erica, surprised she had picked up on her comment.

Lucas' breathing hitched as Max's fingers skirted along his rapidly-hardening dick.

Luckily, his food was almost gone and, as such, he shoveled the last few bites into his mouth as quickly as possible and practically jumped up from the table. After picking up both his plate and Max's, he hastily made it to safety in the kitchen.

"I'll wash up, sweetie," Angela told her son.

"Okay thanks, Mom," Lucas said before retrieving both his girlfriend and her shit-eating grin from the table and pulling her into the hallway.

"Lucas?" His mom called after him. "What's wrong?"

After all, their sudden exit wasn't exactly subtle.

"Oh, um... Max is tired so we're just gonna go to bed." He fumbled initially, but his words seemed convincing, nonetheless.

"Okay. Well, have a good night, you two!" Angela beamed. The pair responded with matching smiles.

Max waited until she was out of earshot. "We certainly will," she said with a smirk, her hand reaching down to squeeze Lucas' butt.

Her boyfriend looked at her, unable to hold back his own grin, and shook his head.

Max yelped when returned the favor, giggling as his hands grabbed onto her shoulders and guided her up the stairs.

Once they made it to his room, Lucas closed the door and flicked the lock to prevent any unwanted guests, clearly having learned from his sister's previous intrusion.

Turning, he immediately found his back pushed up against the door when Max leapt towards him, closing the gap and attacking his face with her lips. She brought both hands up to cup his cheeks and sighed when she felt his own hands come to rest on her waist.

Lucas pulled away from the kiss when Max began fumbling with the button on his jeans. "Hey! What's the rush?" he chuckled, looking at her with raised eyebrows and a barely-contained smile.

"Zoomer," she answered with a knowing smirk.

"Yeah, well, maybe we should wait until we know we're not gonna be

disturbed, okay?" he said, kissing her forehead and moving past her to sit on the edge of the bed.

Max pouted and frowned at him.

Lucas put his bottom lip out, mocking her sulkiness.

"And why is it that we have to wait?" Max asked, seemingly offended by the very notion of delaying their "alone time."

"Because-" Lucas began, groaning when Max lowered herself onto his lap. "Jesus, you're heavier than you look."

She grinned and wrapped her legs around his back and her arms around his neck.

"Because," he started again, smirking. "I don't like the thought of fucking my girl while my parents and sister are still awake."

Max stared at him and tilted her head in confusion. "As opposed to when they're sleeping less than thirty feet from this room?"

Lucas shrugged. "At least they can't hear us." He paused. "Or *you*, I should say."

The redhead pouted again. "Do you want me to stop showing my appreciation?"

Laughing, Lucas leaned forward and kissed her, though instead of pulling away completely, he let their lips linger dangerously close. "What do you think?" he whispered.

Max closed her eyes, the feeling of his warm breath blowing on her face providing her with all the comfort she'd ever need.

When she opened them, Lucas was staring right back at her, his deep brown eyes locking with hers.

"I think you love it," she told him.

"I think you're right."

Max let out a squeal when Lucas suddenly leaned forward, sending her backwards and suspending her from his lap.

"Lucas! Shit!" she shouted between bouts of laughter. "I swear to god, Stalker, if you fucking drop me!"

"Relax! You're not going anywhere." His hands clasped tightly around her back made sure she didn't.

The biggest smile broke out on the dark-skinned boy's face as the sound of his girlfriend's laughter at being left hanging almost upside down filled his ears.

"Do you have any idea how cute you look right now?" he asked, grinning.

Lucas couldn't tell if Max had blushed or not. Her face was already red from laughing so much.

"You are so dead, Lucas!" She tried to sound fierce, but her giggles constantly broke through her voice, widening Lucas' goofy smile each time she spoke.

"What's that?" he teased, lowering her further so that her hair was spilling out over the carpet.

"I said 'You are so-'" Max tried to repeat her threat but her voice cracked again. Accepting defeat, she resorted to begging. "Lucas! Please!" she whined.

"Huh?"

"Lukey!" Her voice was weak but she was still smiling, more than she had in a long time.

Lucas lifted her back up and Max wasted no time pushing him down onto the bed.

"That was so not cool, Stalker," she muttered before pressing their lips together.

Lucas chose not to respond with words, instead deepening the kiss

and letting his fingers tangle in her hair.

Max moved her hands from his face down to his chest and lowered her butt onto his stomach, effectively sitting on him.

Grimacing at the added weight, Lucas gazed up at his girlfriend who was shooting him a smug look.

"Call this payback," she said with a self-satisfied tone.

Now unable to move, Lucas simply sighed and closed his eyes... for a total of ten seconds until the weight was lifted off him and his internal organs could function properly again.

Max climbed down off the bed and wandered over to his desk, looking for something to do seeing as though her boyfriend wasn't a viable option right now. Her eyes glanced over the pin board that was littered with photos of the Party and their adventures. They were lucky Jonathan let Will borrow his camera from time to time.

She'd seen them all before and, still, couldn't help but smile as she carefully scanned over each of them:

The boys proudly holding up the Hawkins Regional Science Fair Trophy after winning last year.

Max kissing Lucas on the cheek during his 15th birthday party when she was certain no one was looking.

Lucas holding Dustin in a headlock.

Dustin holding Lucas in a headlock.

Lucas and Will high-fiving after being declared the victors of the Great Snowball Fight of '84.

Lucas and Max reluctantly posing for the camera during a double date with Mike and El.

Steve during his first week at Scoops Ahoy being swarmed by six hungry teenagers all demanding free ice cream.

The entire party piling on top of Hopper after he'd agreed to take them camping for the week with Joyce doubled over with laughter in the background.

Erica tackling Lucas to the ground just for the hell of it.

(Max may have pinned that one up herself.)

But her favorite was set apart from the others. This one had its own pin board. It was quite clearly treasured more than the rest:

December 15th, 1984

Hawkins Middle Annual Snow Ball

Jonathan had managed to capture the moment after their lips had touched for the first time. Max had her arms around Lucas' neck and was resting her head on his shoulder and his face was plastered in that big dopey grin that made her heart flutter every time she saw it.

"Damn, Stalker, have I ever told you just how hot you look here?" she asked, flashing him a coy smile.

"You might have mentioned it." Lucas paused and his face scrunched up into a frown. "Wait, are you saying I'm not as hot now?"

Max thought for a moment. "Yeah, definitely," she said, sarcasm ringing through her voice.

She pulled her eyes away from the photos and slipped off her hoodie, folding it up and placing it on the back of the chair.

Lucas watched with adoration as Max changed into some more comfortable clothes, exchanging her jeans for pyjama shorts and sneakily slipping off her bra from underneath her t-shirt.

The action didn't go unnoticed by her boyfriend, who promptly sat up, smirking. "Come here," he said, patting the space between his legs.

Max got on the bed, placed herself in front of him and slumped down, resting her back against his chest. Lucas wrapped his arms

around her and pressed a kiss to her cheek. Max closed her eyes at his soft touch and let her head fall back into the crook of his neck. She stayed there for a while but shot up when the hallway light flicked off, signalling everyone had turned in for the night. Looking back at him, she grinned wordlessly and awaited his response, which came in the form of a chuckle (a rather cute one, too, Max thought).

Lucas pulled her back down to him and left a trail of kisses up her neck. "Someone's impatient," he whispered into her ear. Max sighed and closed her eyes again, leaning into him.

Lucas took the opportunity to slip his hand into her panties, letting his fingers tease over her slick folds. Moaning softly, Max kept her eyes closed and allowed him to take control. She arched her back and moaned louder when he pushed two fingers into her pussy, all the while grazing his lips over the soft skin of her neck.

"Shh, you have to be quiet," he said, laughing.

Max whined in response. She could feel his hardness pressing against her and reached back to palm it through his jeans. He groaned against her skin, the vibration scattering across her entire body.

Turning her head, Max nuzzled her face into his neck, kissing it lightly in order to muffle her increasingly loud moans. She pulled her mouth away at the exact moment his fingers found her clit. They rolled over the sensitive spot and flicked at it.

Lucas anticipated her response and crashed his lips down onto hers before she had a chance to react. He could feel her moans escaping into his mouth and moved his tongue over to hers to combat the noise. The sensation this created only increased when Lucas pushed his free hand up her shirt and began massaging her tits, carefully squeezing the soft flesh and gently swiping his thumb over her nipples.

Eventually, Lucas moved out from behind her, pulling her t-shirt over her head as he did. Max assisted by getting his pants off for him, leaving him in his shirt and boxers. She would have stripped him further but he had already found his way between her legs and was peeling her shorts and panties off. Both were soaking wet, all thanks

to his skilled fingers. Lucas tossed them aside and applied teasing kisses up her thighs.

"L-Lucas, baby, please."

Not wanting to tease her any further, Lucas dove right in. His mouth latched onto her folds and his tongue instinctively reached out to flick over her clit, causing her to buck.

"Oh, fuck," she managed to breathe out as quietly as possible.

Lucas continued to eat her out, his lips and tongue now coated in her slick juices as his mouth explored every inch of her soaked pussy.

He also took to using his fingers too, sometimes separating her folds to give his tongue easier access; sometimes rubbing circles over her; other times pushing in until they were buried all the way inside. All of his actions were sending her hurtling towards the inevitable and her moans and whimpers were alerting him to this.

Her reactions soon started to get louder and so Lucas moved away from her, his fingers first, and then his mouth, a few trails of saliva that had mixed with her essence now pooling down onto the sheets.

He looked up, beaming, and moved up to kiss her. "And *that* is why I wanted to wait," he breathed against her lips.

Pressing her mouth to his ear, Max whispered to him. "You know something, Stalker? It's a lot harder for me to make a noise with my mouth full." She finished by gently tugging on his ear with her teeth before slowly kissing from his cheek down to his neck.

Lucas grinned and slid his boxers down, throwing them on the floor and adding to the mound of discarded clothes. He sat up at the back of the bed and Max crawled towards him, placing her hands on his thighs and pushing his legs open wider.

She took hold of his dick and teasingly kissed the tip, tasting his glistening excitement when her lips made contact. He breathed out heavily, prompting Max to repeat her action. She then let her tongue come out and dragged it from the base all the way to the top, letting it dip into his leaking slit.

Finally, she relented her teasing and took his cock into her mouth, her tongue licking long stripes along his shaft as she pushed her head down as far as she could.

"M-Max, fuck," Lucas moaned from above. He soon felt his dick reach her throat and curled his fingers through her hair.

When she pulled back, lines of spit were trailing from her mouth to his cock and Lucas was certain his heart was about to burst through his chest at the sight alone.

"Feel good?" Max asked, the familiar glint in her eye almost blinding him.

Lucas nodded and she eagerly returned to work. Her hand came up to stroke his balls, gently rubbing them between her fingers as her lips were sliding up and down on his shaft.

After a few more minutes, Max moved down and flicked her tongue over his ballsack before sucking it into her mouth.

Lucas could feel his dick twitching at the sight of Max below him, staring up at him as she tugged on his balls with her mouth. She let them slip out and resumed sucking him, enthusiastically bobbing her head as she took him in deeper and deeper.

Lucas waited until Max had momentarily released his cock from her mouth to speak.

"Turn around," he instructed.

Complying, Max turned so that she was facing away from him and edged backwards, pushing herself down onto his face. Lucas placed both hands on her ass and dove in. His tongue dipped into each of her holes as she continued sucking him, both of them fully dedicated to their task.

Her mouth encompassing his cock and his mouth pressed between her cheeks meant their muffled moans were sending vibrations scattering through each others' bodies.

Realizing they wouldn't last much longer if they kept it up, Lucas

shifted up, letting his back rest against the headboard. He reached into his draw, pulled out a condom from the box and slipped it on.

Max took notice and repositioned herself over him, biting her lip in anticipation as she started to sink slowly down on his shaft. He slid inside her easily and both teens moaned at the powerful feeling.

His hands rounding her ass, Lucas watched, short of breath, as Max began to bounce up and down on his cock. Although slightly disappointed he couldn't see her face, the sight before him wasn't one to complain about.

Despite her best efforts, Max found herself unable to keep quiet and Lucas knew he'd never be able to look his parents or sister in the eye again if they heard. Placing his hands on her hips, he gently lifted her off him.

Max turned, frowning that her boyfriend no longer appeared to be inside her.

Lucas rose to his knees "Lay down," he said after kissing her again.

Max lay on her back and gasped when he entered her again. Their lips quickly found each other and she let her hands roam across his back.

Lucas groaned when Max grabbed his ass, pulling him in closer and sending him deeper inside her.

"I love you," he murmured against her mouth.

He kissed her again, this time even more fiercely, their lips and tongues meshing together as they hummed into each others' mouths.

"I love you, too," the redhead responded through breathy moans, one hand resting on Lucas' ass, the other combing through his hair.

Finding his arms aching a little from keeping himself propped up, Lucas moved over to sit on the edge of the bed. Max followed and placed herself in his lap, wrapping her legs around him just as she had done earlier.

She was now riding his cock, her arms secured around his neck as their kisses, and Lucas' thrusts, became increasingly sloppy.

"I'm close. Lukey, I-I'm- oh, god."

Lucas licked the shell of her ear. "Are you gonna cum, Maxie?"

She nodded, whimpering, and pushed down, holding herself in place and hugging him tightly as she rode out her orgasm.

Lucas made sure to keep their lips firmly attached, still anxious about making too much noise. Hands still gripping onto her ass, he lifted her up slightly and began to slam his cock back into her, now desperate for his own release.

Max was still hugging him, her juices spilling out from her pussy and coating the plastic around his erection.

He thrust his hips a few more times before he felt his own climax taking over. "M-Max, I'm g-gonna-"

Before he could even finish, she climbed off and got her knees in front of him, grabbing the base of his dick and sliding off the plastic, tossing it aside.

"Fuck... oh god, Max," Lucas moaned loudly as she wrapped her lips around his cock and started furiously sucking him. He seemed now to be forgetting about the volume of his voice, so Max reached up and covered his mouth with her hand.

It took her only a few deep sucks to send him over the edge and, within seconds, he bucked his hips and Max felt his hot cum shooting straight down her throat. She gagged a little at the sheer volume of liquid that was spurting out but refused to pull away, instead making sure she swallowed down every last drop of her boyfriend's seed.

When he'd finally finished, she pulled away, licking her lips and looking up at him with pure lust-filled eyes.

Leaning forward, she took his softening cock back into her mouth, glazing her lips over his shaft and slurping up any cum that remained.

She removed her hand from his mouth and stood up, kissing him again.

Lucas shuffled back and lay down onto his pillow. Max joined him, curling up in his arms and sinking into him.

"That was amazing," he said, grinning.

His smile dropped when Max looked up at him, eyes shining with tears.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, soothingly stroking her hair.

She sniffled and her voice cracked slightly when she spoke. "Please don't ever leave me."

Lucas sat up, confused, and opened his mouth to speak, but Max's soft voice sounded first.

"It's- it's just everything with Neil, and before with Billy, and I love you so much but I'm scared that one day you might- I don't know," Her voice was breaking and her eyes were getting more watery. "You might decide it's not worth the trouble anymore." She looked away from him and tried to dry her eyes. "It's stupid. I-"

"Hey, hey, hey, it's not stupid, Max."

Her words were cut short by Lucas, who placed a hand on her face, his thumb wiping away a single tear that was spilling down her cheek. His other hand found hers and their fingers linked.

"Listen to me, your stepdad is, well-"

"A fucking bitch."

Lucas laughed, nodding in agreement.

"Sure. But my point is that doesn't matter. You *are* worth the trouble. You're tubular. Like, *totally* tubular."

Max rolled her eyes. "You're such a dork."

"I'm *your* dork."

The redhead smiled, blushing slightly.

"What I'm saying is we can work around it together. But only together. Deal?"

"Deal."

Lucas lay back down and Max pressed her forehead against his.

"I love you," she whispered.

Lucas kissed her sweetly. "I love you, too, baby."

Not bothering to put on clothes, the couple pulled the covers up over them.

Max fell into her boyfriend's embrace, her head resting on his chest, and soon enough found herself drifting off to the sound of his steady heartbeat.